Irene H. Wilson,
Rm.109 Tower Ct.
Wellesley, Mass.

Wellesley College News

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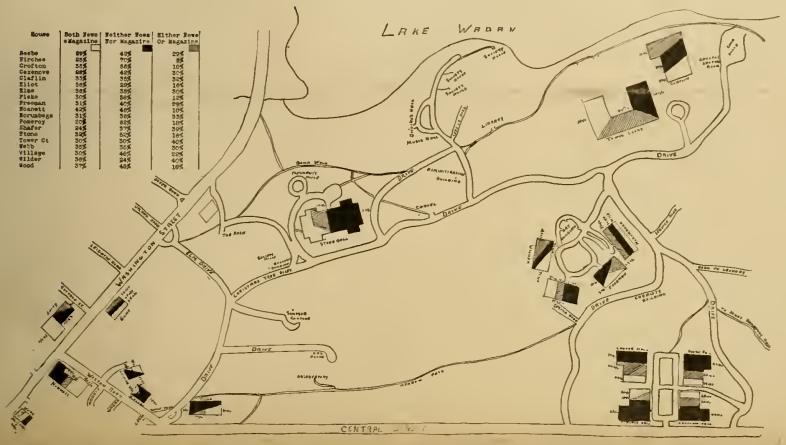
VOL. XXVI FRAMINGHAM AND WELLESLEY, MASS., JANUARY 10, 1918 No. 14

Obey That Impulse! Wipe The Blots Off Wellesley's Campus



"Brighten The Corner Where You Are"

Several Reasons Why Wellesley Should Have No Shaded Districts

Gentle Reader, do you own a whole subscription to the WELLESLEY COLLEGE NEWS and the WELLESLEY COLLEGE MAGAZINE? If you do, it is not at all necessary for you to proceed further with this article; if you do not, this very much concerns you.

There are three classes of girls in Wellesley: the girl who loyally and wisely subscribes to her college periodicals and owns the whole subscription herself; the girl who owns a half, a third or even a smaller fraction of a subscription; and the girl who casually wanders into her friend's room and says, "Oh, do you mind if I glance through your NEWS?"

There are two reasons why you should own a whole subscription to both NEWS and MAGAZINE: first, because you can't afford to be without them. The girl who doesn't take them admits the truth of this statement when she borrows her neighbor's copy. There is no non-academic institution in Wellesley that meets a vital need of the college more successfully than does the NEWS. It is a record of our college life, an expression of college opinion and a schedule of college activities. As such, its value to alumnæ is shown by the list of graduate subscribers. How much more valuable it should be to us as undergraduates because it is *our* life that is reflected on its pages. As the representative of the best literary ability of Wellesley students the MAGAZINE'S place among the things that you can't get along without is somewhat different, but just as necessary. Read it to find out what your friends are doing. You can't afford not to know what our literary standard is. If you are not helping to maintain it by contri-

(Continued on page 3, column 3)

A CALL FOR CARTOONISTS.

Do you like to draw? If so, won't you join the NEWS' corps of cartoonists and thus not only give yourself a bit of amusement, but at the same time help boost your college weekly? The Board having believed for some time that the presence of cartoons would vitally increase the general interest of the paper are now acting upon this belief. The first attempts of Wellesley's cartoonists appear in this issue and the Board feels that these new workers for the NEWS may be quite proud of the results. Won't you help keep up the good work by offering your services?

There will be a definite scheme of work by which each girl will be privileged to prepare the cartoons for certain issues during the year. As far as possible, the rather discouraging system of competition will be eliminated and all contributions, if clever and at all well-done, will be printed. For those who can draw and yet feel that they have no brilliant ideas, there will be opportunity to illustrate literary contributions to the Parliament of Fools. As for those who have jokes or poems which could be cleverly cartooned, the committee will be always at their service.

Cleverness counts; never mind if you aren't a genius. All who are interested and willing to cooperate will please hand their names either directly to the NEWS, in the office or contribution box, or to Ruth Crosby, 439 Tower Court. And from anyone, at any time, whether the NEWS has your name or not, "all contributions are gratefully accepted."

FOR YOUR "MEATLESS DAY"

Consume

THE NEWS AND MAGAZINE

and help

WIN THE WAR!

1921's Literary Contingent To The Front

NEWS Competition to Start Immediately

1921, all fall you have been exhibiting your ability in dramatics, athletics, and other college activities, and now is your chance to show what you can accomplish in the literary line. In March, when the old Board goes out with great reluctance and the new Board comes in with fear and trembling, a freshman will be given a chance to put her finger in the complicated pie called the WELLESLEY COLLEGE NEWS. There is little need to enumerate the distinct advantages of being an assistant editor on the college paper. To any one interested in journalism, it is an opportunity to receive training that will be decidedly valuable later in more professional work. To the girl who likes to write, but who does not intend to make that her vocation, NEWS work offers a field for interesting activity and experience. To all girls, work on the college paper means being in contact with the vital life of the college. Surely, then, there ought to be a great number of you, 1921, who are eager to be on the WELLESLEY COLLEGE NEWS Board.

Hear then, all ye so inspired, and take note of the Competition which is to begin immediately, and which is open to each and every one. The purpose of the Competition is to assist the most capable girl of 1921 to a seat on the NEWS Board. Here are explicit directions as to how to reach that lofty chair. First of all, turn to your right and firmly resolve to try out for the NEWS. Once started in this direction you will find the rest of the road comparatively easy. Immediately upon turning to the right, proceed along the

(Continued on page 2, column 2)

Board of Editors

DOROTHY S. GREENE, 1918, Editor-in-Chief.
ALICE WHARTON, 1918, Associate Editor.
MARY B. JENKINS, 1903, Alumnæ General Secretary and Alumnæ Editor.
ELISABETH PATCH, 1916, Business Manager.
DOROTHY G. MILLER, 1918, Assistant Business Manager.

ASSISTANT EDITORS.

KATHERINE DONOVAN, 1918. JEANETTE MACK, 1919.
RUTH E. CROSBY, 1918. MARGARET W. CONANT, 1919.
ADELE RUMPF, 1919. ELEANOR SHERRY, 1920.
DOROTHY COLLINS, 1919. EMILY TYLER HOLMES, 1920.
RUTH BARTJES, 1920.

PUBLISHED weekly during the college year by a board of students of Wellesley College. Subscriptions one dollar and fifty cents per annum in advance. Single copies five cents each. All contributions should be in the NEWS office **by 9 A. M. on Monday at the latest** and should be addressed to Miss Dorothy S. Greene. All Alumnæ news should be sent to Miss Mary B. Jenkins, Wellesley College, Wellesley, Mass. Offices of publication at office of Lakeview Press, Irving St., Framingham, Mass., and at Wellesley College, Wellesley, Mass., to either of which offices all business communications and subscriptions should be sent.

LAKEVIEW PRESS, PRINTERS, FRAMINGHAM, MASS.

THE WHY AND THE WHEREFORE.

Whatever indications there may be to that effect, the object of this special issue of the COLLEGE NEWS—with MAGAZINE supplement—is not to prove that the literary taste and the literary ability of the Wellesley undergraduate are on the decline and have already descended to a deplorable depth. On the contrary, its primary purpose is to startle the Wellesley reading public into the realization that the NEWS and MAGAZINE are waiting here very much alive, ready to welcome their readers with a wish for happiness and success during the New Year and resolved to make their influence more powerful and more vital to the college during 1918 than ever before. The Boards of these two student publications are not the wooden organisms that their name might imply. Instead, they are wide-awake to the possibilities of undergraduate journalism and eager to introduce in the Wellesley monthly and the Wellesley weekly this year a new element of interest, of usefulness, and of progress.

The weekly especially, as the purveyor of news, is determined this year to look forward, not backward, to make its columns more entertaining, more profitable, and more up to the minute, by apprising its readers of events which are about to happen instead of eulogizing to such an extent as formerly those events which have happened in the past. The NEWS editors are fully aware of the difficulties which confront them when they adopt such a policy. Still, they feel that its advantages are so marked as to justify the expenditure of increased effort upon the college weekly and with this final appeal for the assistance of the public, they prepare to embark upon the undertaking.

How imperative the assistance of the college public is for the success of the NEWS's proposed policy quickly appears when its difficulties are pointed out. To send a reporter for a write-up of an event which has happened is a comparatively simple matter; to find out about an approaching event in time to give it to the college through our columns while it is still *news* is not nearly so easy. In fact, so long as the NEWS must be supplied with information by reporters whose knowledge is finite, the latter task is an impossibility unless those faculty members and students in charge of college events are willing to take the NEWS's representative into their confidence before they inform the rest of the college. The problem of meeting through our columns the demand for actual news is still further complicated by the fact that the NEWS is a weekly paper and has to be printed away from Wellesley. Thus, the element of time comes into play. The editors must have the information which you possess by Monday morning at nine o'clock in order to give it out in print on Thursday.

We are always ready to do our part in coming after the news. Phone Wellesley 734-W for a reporter who will gladly call to interview you preparatory to writing up any information you can give her, or send your own article direct to the editor-in-chief. Remember that little things count in the NEWS. The notice of the publication of your new book, your engagement, or your dormitory party may escape us unless you call them to our attention, yet they have as much a place in our columns as the report of the last Student Government meeting. Feel during this year that the NEWS is your paper and boost for it whenever opportunity is offered. During 1918 help the editors to make the college paper interesting, useful, and progressive by giving them your confidence and by doing all in your power to open the way for the NEWS to look ahead.

Why not try the NEWS as an advertising medium? Unlike the bulletin and the poster, it does not wait for the student to come to it but instead goes direct to the student. If properly used it should become by far the most effective means of giving a college event publicity. The bulletins and the NEWS are the college's natural vehicles for information and neither should impair the usefulness of the other. Try giving the announcement of that coming lecture or tea to the NEWS ahead of time—the Editors can keep a secret—then post your notices and index on Thursday, the day the NEWS comes out. Make Thursday the psychological moment for "springing the news." Then watch for results.

Don't forget when the NEWS goes to press. We hate to disappoint you by refusing to print your contributions because they are received too late as much as you hate to be disappointed. On Saturday noon, the first installment of copy goes to the printer; on *Monday morning at nine o'clock* the second and last installment is sent. Very important notices may be inserted when the proof is being read before noon on Tuesday. However, the insertion of material on Tuesday is only possible when the NEWS is not full otherwise. To accommodate a late comer, we cannot ask our printer to disregard an article which he has already set up. NEWS space is at a premium. Arrange for it early!

January Mark-Down

EXTRAORDINARY!

Take advantage of our great special offer! The *NEWS* and *MAGAZINE* are participating in a bargain sale which should look very attractive to all non-subscribers. New subscribers may have the *News* beginning with this issue until the end of the year for only $1.00. The price of the *Magazine*, beginning with the January issue and holding through July, 1918, will be 75c. Both together are offered at $1.75.

Don't be a Slacker!
Subscribe NOW, and join the ranks of the informed!
A 100 p. c. college subscription is our slogan!

Hand your filled-out subscription slip to any Board member in your house, or bring it to the *NEWS* office in the Chapel basement before Monday noon, January 14.

1921's LITERARY CONTINGENT TO THE FRONT.
(Continued from page 1, column 3)

curving path that leads to the chapel basement and thence, ultimately, to the NEWS office. Don't let the scratching of pens (all truly literary pens scratch) or the clatter of the typewriter frighten you away or drive the good intentions from your brain. Enter bravely and remain in the den long enough to fill out a card saying you are entering the competition. After you have filled out this card, further directions for your journey will be forwarded to you from time to time. Sometimes these directions will send you scuttling to C. A. with orders to "write it up," sometimes they may direct you to follow a path which leads to a lecture, a debate, a play. In any case, be not disheartened, because each one of these little trips means so many points in your favor on your card. It is well, also, to make numerous scouting excursions of your own, for voluntary write-ups count even more than assigned ones. All fields are open to you, and you may indulge in Parliament of Fools, in editorials, free verses, and literary and dramatic criticisms, as well as ordinary write-ups. Watch the NEWS board for any notices or suggestions, and when in doubt or despair beard the lion in her den and consult the Editor-in-Chief, Dorothy Greene.

Above all, remember that everything you do counts; quality and quantity of writing, and also personal interest, enthusiasm, perseverance, "pep." The NEWS Board wants the girl who is wide awake and alert, in touch with the happenings about her, who possesses resourcefulness and an indefinite capacity for work. So come to the front, 1921, and give so many eager volunteers that it will be a difficult thing to choose one from the many capable competitors.

NEWS COMPETITORS.

Watch the NEWS Bulletin, opposite Room 16, Administration Building.

PURSUING WELLESLEY'S PERIODICALS.

"A long, long time ago" Wellesley girls used to look eagerly for news of their doings in the Natick *Courant*, which with agreeable condescension devoted one column to college events. A little later the same arraugement was made by a newspaper published in Wellesley village. However, the system was so inadequate to meet the needs of a rapidly expanding and thoroughly progressive community, that in 1888 the college proudly produced a newspaper of its own. This first Wellesley newspaper was called the *Courant*, and was edited by Abbe Carter Goodloe, '89. There were four pages in this periodical; the front page was devoted to college notes (of a personal nature which the size of the college has since prohibited), the other pages contained stories, poems, and "such passages from current or classical literature as may be of value to students," usually moral in tone. But occasionally there would be a typographical error, which cheered and interested everyone, as in that Christmas issue where the college read

"O little Tom of Bethlehem
How still we see thee lie."

Early days of Wellesley college were marked by an intellectual curiosity and energy, which at least partially accounts for the rapid developments and changes in the college publications from the *Courant* onward.

Next year—1889—came the *Prelude*—germ of the present magazine—a weekly paper in the form of a pamphlet. It contained an astonishing amount of material for a weekly—essays, editorials, stories, and reviews (which form the basis of our magazine) as well as alumnæ notes, college notes and calendar, and a column called *Waban Ripples*, parent to the Parliament of Fools, all of which are gathered in by the present News. There were fewer outside interests at that time, fewer clubs and committees than we have now, and college interest, outside of the academic, centered in literary work. Still the importance of the college publication in that and in all times as the contemporary historian of the college is indicated by the frequent acknowledgment of the *Prelude* as the only or the most reliable source of information by Miss Florence Converse in her *Story of Wellesley* and other writers describing Wellesley's past.

In 1892 the *Prelude* changed form and name, becoming the *Wellesley Magazine*, published weekly. Its first editor was Miss Florence Converse, now known to us all. This magazine carried on the work of the present News, and to the list of the *Prelude*, added the Free Press column.

In 1901 the Wellesley Tea Room Corporation, strangely enough, started the *College News*, but in 1902 this publication was adopted by the *Magazine*. The *News* soon attained an individual editorial board, and for awhile both *News* and *Magazine* were published weekly, until it was decided to combine *News* and *Magazine* into a weekly with one literary number each month. This arrangement held until 1915, when the two publications again separated as a weekly and monthly under individual editorial management, but with joint business editors.

Wellesley's annual must not be overlooked in a history of undergraduate publications. The first *Legenda* was published by the class of 1889. A famous issue appeared in 1891. You must know that all Wellesley publications are under the eye of a board of censors. Even in '89 one girl felt the clutch at her skirts and wrote pathetically,

"I hear a voice you cannot hear
Which says I must not grind
I see a hand you cannot see
Which has my wit refined."

Nevertheless, grinds appeared with greater frequency until the copy of '91, which broke loose and ground everything from faculty to elevator, in clever though sometimes ungentle witticism. It was an experiment, but not profitable. In fact, one member of '91 was farsighted enough to affix at the end of the Grind Department the legend,

"After Us the Deluge."

It seemed the end. But there are always optimists, and in the '92 *Legenda* someone chirps

"*Legenda* comes with stinging fun,
Epitome of '91,
After us * * * , but '92
Can sail an ark as few can do!"

Still, we have lived more circumspectly ever since.

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101 Milk St., Boston, Mass.

BRIGHTEN THE CORNER WHERE YOU ARE.
(Continued from page 1, column 1)

butions to the MAGAZINE, you can at least help to support it by your criticism. And you haven't earned the right to criticise unless you have subscribed to the MAGAZINE.

The second reason why you should own a *whole* (not a third or a fifth) is because the NEWS and MAGAZINE can't afford to be without *you*. In fashionable and up-to-date style, paper, ink and labor have taken to aeroplanes and, in consequence, the publication of a weekly and a monthly periodical is a much more expensive undertaking than it was a year or two years ago. If Wellesley undergraduates recognize the importance of these periodicals in college life and wish to maintain them, it is a challenge to the loyalty and pride of every girl who possibly can to support the NEWS and the MAGAZINE with her subscription.

Just as one instance of comparison with other college publications, take the *Vassar Miscellany News*. Vassar has 1,000 students; Wellesley, 1,600. Vassar supports a semi-weekly paper whose size and price are the same as those of Wellesley's weekly paper. How can Vassar do it? Why, 70 per cent of Vassar's undergraduates subscribe to the *Miscellany News;* 51 per cent of Wellesley's undergraduates subscribe to the WELLESLEY NEWS.

Ordinarily the WELLESLEY COLLEGE MAGAZINE offers only twenty-four pages of reading matter —not for lack of material, but because it cannot afford more space. The majority of literary publications of other colleges have thirty-two or forty pages. Girls, what is the matter? Wellesley doesn't fall behind in other things; are you going to let her be outstripped in the support of her publications?

Since it is undoubtedly true that you and the NEWS and MAGAZINE cannot happily lead separate existences, the problem remains as to how to bring you together. Please do not think for a moment that the lean state of your purse is forgotten. In consideration of war-time expenses the NEWS and MAGAZINE are offering you subscriptions at reduced rates for the rest of the year. Just look at our "January Mark-Downs," and let your feminine instinct for a bargain prevail. Obey that impulse and subscribe to the WELLESLEY COLLEGE NEWS and MAGAZINE.

Unpublished Manuscript from the Magazine

(Editor's Note: This page comprises a MAGAZINE SUPPLEMENT *to this special issue of the* NEWS.)

A SLIP SHEET.

PEACE-AT-ANY-PRICE.

I sit back comfortably in seat 69 of room 24. My body is relaxed. My tired note-taking hands are for once quiet. I am not thinking of anything in particular: my mind is almost vacant. My eyes idly watch a fly crawl up the back of the neck of the light-haired girl in front of me. The sunlight on my note-book is pretty. It moves back and forth, back and forth. The WHOLE WORLD is inactive, inert, pacific, tranquil, serene, peaceful.

Then from the calm,

"Will you give three reasons for your belief that you exist, Miss Jones?"

and I know that I have felt the "peace that passeth all understanding."

JULIA ST. JOHNSON JONES.

THE RELIABLE FOUNTAIN PEN.

Never fails—to leak. The MAGAZINE recommends this pen to all its contributors. A large number of blots makes the Board feel as if you had worked hard over a story.

POETS.

This is the sort of thing they give us
By the page,
Unblushing poets of this "Age
Of the Unspanked."*
They write on "How it Feels to Take a Bath,"
Or "Meditations on Math. 4,"
Or even "Shoelaces" or "Drops of Ink"—
Nothing is too small or lowly for
Their catholic pen.
They write us sonnets on "A Mother's Love;"
They write free verse—like this—
That makes you wonder
Why verse at all? Why not
Good honest prose?
And blank verse of which the best
Is the blank part,
And odes and epics; anything
That ever poet tried they try again.
Yet blessing on their dripping fountain pens
And on their brains that hum
Writhing with thoughts.
Perchance if thus their Pegasus
Learn to trot,
He yet
May fly.

*See "Gems from Miss Gamble."

H. S. H.

RIMED REVIEWS OF *"THE SECOND FIDDLE."*

Our Stella was a poor clerk girl
A sunbeam in a murky city,—
To see the scanty way she lived
Would wring your tender heart with pity.

An inch of dust ne'er seemed to give
Her godly mother's eyes distress,
Her mind was fixed on purer things
Than merely earthly cleanliness.

Her sister (poor deluded dame!)
Would rave and rime and versify
Till quite enraptured with herself.
Poor Stella could not check a sigh.

The father bent o'er specimens
Although his eye could hardly see 'em,
The story through he's occupied
Within a mossy old Museum.

Well, Stella met the fiance
Of Marian, her moneyed friend,
And when she looks into his eyes
We guess the way the story'll end.

In brief, Sir Julian (he's the hero)
Goes off to Germany as a spy;
And when the strain and stress is ended,
Sir Julian is alike to die.

But Marian's both cold and haughty:
Sir Julian's too bunged up for her!
And so she throws the poor man over—
A slip of breeding, I aver.

Of course, 'twas plainly Stella's cue,
To offer him her love more stable,
To bind Sir Julian's broken heart
And broken limbs as far as able.

Our hero swears like fire-works;
And Stella's nose is retrousé;
Quite human both—yet now they live
In a really paradisal way.

Within an old ancestral hall,
In dim artistic candle light,
Those two sit now with books and talk,
Right after dinner any night.

The plot, you see, is very simple,
The moral lesson clear as day
If love-bumps pain you cruelly,
Try falling in another way.

And 'tisn't much of any riddle,
To guess who is the "Second Fiddle."

AIN'T IT A GRAND AND A GLORIOUS FEELING?

1. When one editor reads pages and pages of manuscript about "The Condition of the Mexican Indian in 1596" (with footnotes and bibliography) and poems on "The Feelings of a Fly in a December Snow Storm,"
   and
2. When another editor reads the Heretics' Bulletin "MAGAZINE too High-Brow—Don't be so Literary!"
   and
3. When still another meets a member of the faculty, who warns the Board against lowering the high literary standards—a holy trust!
   and
4. When all the editors have re-read all the manuscript and have, at last *thirty-six* pages of "real stuff"
   and
5. When, then, the Business Manager says "only *twenty-four* pages this month. The treasury is fast wasting away, etc."
   and THEN, when
6. An inconspicuous editor comes up behind two girls and hears one say, "I always read the MAGAZINE. Wasn't that a good story Susie Sampson wrote last month?"
   THEN
   AIN'T IT A GRAND AND GLORIOUS FEELING, that comes over the Board?

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Agent for
TEXTILE MENDING CASH'S WOVEN NAMES
LEWANDO'S CLEANSING AND DYEING

THE STING OF DEATH.

When Jennie lay at Simpson with rheumatics laden,
Thinking that she must be for a casket destined
Her family, hoping only that they cheer the maiden
Sent a Telegram: *"Hope Pain Lessened."*

But the telegraph operator gummed the job,
Twisted the message with a fateful bend.
Jennie died when she heard the words,
"Dearest Child; Hope Painless End."

Really, these are two things
Every lady ought to do,
And if you would cultured be,
Do your wee bit too.

To knit must be the first thing;
Heel your socks with care.
Every row, you read a line.

Never get behind the time.
Every week increase your knowledge,
What is happening in college.
Study well the News!

DIRGE WRITTEN IN THE CHAPEL BASEMENT.

Beyond the wall
A printing machine is
Thumping.
Beside me a typewriter
Is pounding,
And another,
And another.
The machine that makes the organ go
Is wheezing.
Above me the organ is playing
A funeral march
And here I sit in the News Office
Writing an editorial on
Quiet.
* * * *
I think I'll swallow a poison pill
Or get a nice peaceful job
At some silent place
Like Coney Island
Or the battle front.

No Thursday Complete Without a News
No, Not Even January the Tenth!

IS IT NOT? YES!
Oh, delicious and strengthening!
WHAT?
NEWS AND MAGAZINE!
"One never tires of them."
Booklet of choice selections sent on receipt of One Three-Cent Stamp.

WELLESLEY INN

HOURS FOR MEALS

Breakfast	8 to 10
Luncheon	12 " 2
Dinner	6 " 8

Afternoon Tea

Wedding Gifts!
Birthday Presents!
Anniversary Recollections!
Remind your friends of
THE NEWS AND MAGAZINE
N.B.—Select Xmas gifts will be accepted by the Editors in exchange for subscriptions.

Dr. Irene Blissard (Surgeon Chiropodist) formerly of Wellesley has opened a Marinello Shop for the scientific treatment of the Scalp, Face, Hands and Feet at 80 Boylston St., Little B'ld'g, Room 919, Telephone 1989-J.

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Wellesley College Magazine! News!
Special editions with special rate dues!
Magazine articles are of the best—
Stories and poetry and all of the rest.
A college note or a college tea,
All the events in the News you'll see.
With these periodicals, gone are your blues—
Wellesley College Magazine! News!

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INTIMATE CHATS WITH FAMOUS PEOPLE.

Note: The following was written by a freshman addicted to "Movie" magazines, and possessed by the idea of imaginative write-ups.

After hearing Miss E——'s delightful talk at Billings Hall, I was eager for a few intimate, confidential words with her.

Consequently, dawn was scarce crept up in the east when I knocked at her room in Tower Court. I found her charmingly arrayed in a fluffy, lacy, pink and blue mystery most becoming to her steel green eyes. Her smile of greeting would have been of worth to any tooth powder advertisement. "And who," said I, pulling out my little note book, "are your ten favorite authors?"

She laughed, a silvery sleigh-bellish laugh, that splintered the air like jeweled icicles.

"Ah," she said, counting on her rosebud fingers, "first of course, Will Shakespeare: dear Will, what an interesting soul he must have been, I trust that all we artists have a chance to meet some day—but now I digress."

"Madam," I hastened to say, "digressions from your lips are as petals to a flower."

"Well, next—Dovesky vosky" (at least that's what I think she said) "ah, his force, his pathos, his passion, his climaxes" (here she began to pace the room) "his color, his shade, his punctuation, his paragraphing, his transitions—forgive me, I will come back to earth. We artistic temperaments are wont to soar above those in our presence. Then Ouida, and Conan Doyle and Robert Chambers—all of them such dear boys, and their styles so distinctive. But look, it is almost eight o'clock. Dear friend, you must run. I must turn my five backward somersaults. When I desert the lecture platform I am going to get a column in some magazine, and teach the world how to succeed by a free booklet sent upon receipt of fifty cents, describing the marvels of back somersaulting."

"Take the advice of one who knows." (The laughing eyes shadowed with tears, and the firm, ringing voice quavered—then recovered in an instant to a dry bitterness.) "Ah, it was not friends, it was not the world, it was not these, made me what I am—ah, no, it was somersaults."

I shut the door reverently, feeling that I had stood in the presence of a Personality.

A GLIMPSE OF WELLESLEY FROM THE OUTSIDE.

There is a prevalent idea that Wellesley girls are more athletically than socially inclined, but we are convinced that few could be more charming than the bevy of fair maids who were being interviewed by our reporter last Saturday. These lovely seekers after higher education were dressed some in charmeuse, some in chiffon, and some in velvet. Our reporter was so dazzled by the burst of beauty which met his eyes that he had difficulty in maintaining his composure, but he managed to glean from a shy damsel whom he approached that it was a birthday party for Sue Perstition, their senior president, who was sixteen years old on that day. Sue wore blue charmeuse with gold slippers and a single rose. On her wrist gleamed a golden watch, which flashed in the electric light as she raised her white hand to adjust a jewelled comb.

"I was born in Nova Scotia," she replied in answer to the reporter's query. "My mother is 47 years old and my father 52. My grandfather is in the oil business. We moved to Hoboken two years ago, where we are still living." When asked her opinion on woman's suffrage and on the war, she replied that she was too busy to enter strongly into the suffrage campaigns, but that she did not absolutely disapprove of them, and that she thought she favored the Allies in the present struggle. Sue Perstition is 5 feet 9 inches tall, has brown hair and gray-green eyes, and is a Democrat. To judge from the merry laughter and bright conversation, a good time was had by all.

YOUNGSTERS LICK ALL-STARS.

19 (X+1) Wins by Close Score 1-0.

Red McTavish, supported by 8 picked players from the class of 19 (X+1), beat the former Champion Team of the Class of 19X yesterday afternoon with a score of 1 to 0. Red was the whole cheese. Aside from holding the opponents scoreless and allowing only one hit, she won her own game with a home run in the third inning. Up to that frame both sides had gone out in one-two-three order and there were already two down when Red came to bat. Without delay the heroine of the day stepped up to the plate and smacked the first ball pitched into the right field bleachers for a trip around the bags. That ended the scoring for the day. For the next 5 innings Cis Hopkins held the upper classmen helpless in the hollow of her hand. She had a hop on her fast balls, a kick on the curves, and the slow balls were so slow that the stitches on the cover could be counted. In the 9th inning the stupified grannies garnered their only hit. After Tiny Todd had popped out to center, Big Betsy Bottlewasher pushed a little Texas steamer over short, which Skinny Skinner missed by the skin of her teeth. Big Betsy then stole second, but there she died, for McTavish, with the speed of greased lightning and the absolute control of a German army, ended the game by fanning Ward and Gow.

The old ladies, wearied by their unaccustomed exertions, were seen to retire quietly as it grew dark, to their warm fireplaces and knitting.

MYSTERY OF VEILED LADY SOLVED.

The mysterious appearance of a veiled lady has caused great consternation among the female residents of Wellesley. Until today, when the strange disappearance of books and pencils and candy from the students' rooms was explained, severe restrictions were laid upon the young ladies and penalties imposed for their infringement. Chaperonage was required at all times when the girls left their dormitories. Not only was the usual army of gentlemen visitors refused admittance to the Paradise of Wellesley's campus, but even the beloved mailman was compelled to leave the mail in heaps at the lodge gates, where each of the girls eagerly sought out a familiar handwriting. It made a pretty sight to see the gaily garbed maidens stroll along the well-kept paths with their more sombrely dressed chaperones, and dart here and there eagerly scanning each envelope in search of word from the Dear One(s). But it was evident that the young ladies chafed under these restrictions and rejoice now in their regained liberty.

The explanation of the mysterious actions of the veiled lady was found out not far from home. In desperation, at the prolonged absence of her borrowed notebooks, pencils, and texts, one of the young ladies finally decided on this means of recovering from friends, her valuable property. The disguise of a dark veil and fur coat, rumored to be borrowed from an unconsulted roommate, concealed her unworthy designs as effectually as was necessary, for she made use of the dinner hour in which to carry out her plans. Although it is said that her enterprise has been successful in locating and recovering articles of value loaned to friends, students have been officially advised to follow less subtle methods in the future, as this one has caused not only inconvenience to the faculty and students, but much trouble to the secret service department.

A BIT OF REALISM.

She was tall and strong-minded and looked very shockable. But we treated her with the utmost respect, for she was the Delegate.

"Won't you come into the News Office?" invited the Newest Reporter, who had been told to take care of her, while the Editor-in-Chief went to the gym, to confer with Miss Iva Conscience on the expediency of mentioning the Department of Moral Issues oftener in the News. They ducked and descended the steps, and the Newest Reporter proudly produced her key. She turned and pulled and the Delegate turned and pulled, and they both turned and pulled. And then a brawny Expressman came in behind them with a box, which be dropped on the floor. And he turned and pulled. And finally the door opened. The Newest Reporter led the delegate in, and gave her a seat. She was just thinking of something pretty to say when the Delegate gave a start and began to listen.

"What's that?" she asked. The Newest Reporter listened, too, but could discern nothing unusual.

"That pounding noise behind there," went on the Delegate, pointing to the northeast corner of the room.

"Why, that's only the addressograph and the mimeograph at work in the stencil room," informed the Newest Reporter. "They do that all the time."

"Oh!" said the Delegate. Then she listened again.

"That whining overhead," was her explanation in answer to the Newest Reporter's inquiring glance.

"Why, that's the organ," said the Newest Reporter. The choir is practicing hymns. The Chapel's upstairs, you know, so that we always work with an accompaniment."

"Oh!" said the Delegate. Then she spoke again. "Couldn't you show me the News Office now?" she inquired. "Don't wait for the Editor-in-Chief, I beg of you."

"Why, why, this *is* the News Office!" cried the Newest Reporter, taken almost off her feet by the shock. "Don't you see the Newses and Magazinexes lying around? And there's the typewriter, and—" she went on desperately— "and there's the ink-spots on the walls,—why, didn't you know this was the News Office?"

"Why, so it is!" blushed the Delegate. "I— I thought it was the back-number storeroom, but now I see my mistake. Why, of course it's the News Office—oh!" She jumped and dodged just in time to avoid being struck on the head by a falling object.

"I'm sorry you happened to be sitting there," apologized the Newest Reporter, "That's the Editor-in-Chief's flower pot, and it falls down that way off the shelf every time the wind blows." Before the Delegate had time to sit down again a peculiar discord arose from without, and the Newest Reporter stood two chairs on a table in

order to provide a place high enough for the Delegate to look out the window.

"Maybe you can get a glimpse of them," she said to the Delegate, politely.

"No, I can't see anything," announced the Delegate. "Where are they fighting?"

"Oh, it's not a fight," reassured the Newest Reporter. "Its only the violin and the soprano and the scales going at once over in Billings."

"Violin? Soprano? Scales?" echoed the Delegate. "Billings?"

Before the Newest Reporter could explain more fully, the Editor-in-Chief arrived, surrounded by five members of the Faculty and two Heads of Organizations, all of whom were talking earnestly to her on subjects connected with Student Publications.

"I'm *ever* so glad to see you!" cried the Delegate with such fervor that the Newest Reporter's feelings began to quiver.

"You know, I think—" Just then two more expressmen fell in through the door with coal for the furnace, and in the slight misunderstandings which followed, the Delegate's thoughts doubtless suffered immediate change.

THE TRIALS OF A REPORTER.
EPISODE XXVII.

The NEWS came out two days late. The headlines weren't even startling. There was a two-column write-up of a math. lecture. There were two columns and a half (continued on last page) urging one to join something or other. The Parliament of Fools was wedged in between a huge Bonwit Teller and two or three shoemakers' advertisements. The editorial was about openhanded giving. There were two or three Free Presses about freight trains and brick walks. The Alumnæ notices were all deaths or changes of address.

With one accord the House swooped down upon the lone Representative of the NEWS who made her residence there.

"What's the matter with the NEWS this week?" they cried angrily. "Can't you ever give us something interesting?" The poor Reporter, who was, by the way, very new, replied bravely that she didn't have a thing to do with it.

"But we're always open to suggestions, and more than delighted to receive frank criticism," she added glibly, quoting the Editor-in-Chief.

The House did not leave the Reporter in any doubt as to its ability to give frank criticism. And furthermore, the House was exceedingly liberal with suggestions. And since there were eighty-seven in the House, the Reporter was kept pretty busy conscientiously writing things down, for all the Board had promised the Editor-in-Chief to make note of criticisms heard around the campus.

Finally the House stopped from lack of breath. And then the Reporter got holder.

"Why pick on me?" she asked. "I'm not the Editor."

"But you're a Reporter, and you can influence the Editor," the House replied.

The Reporter thought of the mighty Editor-in-Chief, who must have been Editor-in-Chief for years, and she felt very lofty to think that the House thought she could influence Her. In fact she became so changed in her own opinion that she gained courage suddenly. "All of you get out of here," she announced in no mild tone of voice. "I've got to study. If you don't like the NEWS, why, lump it—that's all!" And the amazed House got out..

ENGAGED.

Miss Pearl Button, '19, of Prairie Flower, Iowa, to a large bug light, containing a weak battery, now serving in the Reserve Force of the United States Army.

The wedding will take place at the groom's home in
Room 2, Billings.

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LOST.

Between Cazenove Hall and the station Lieutenant Samuel Brown, formerly of the class of '18, Yale,
wrapped in brown paper and tied with red string. Finder will receive reward upon returning to Greenwich, Conn.

THE *NEWS* IN THE MAKING.
A Problem Play in Five Acts.

ACT I.

Place—The NEWS Office in the Chapel Basement.
Time—Any Saturday morning.
Dramatis Personae—Members of the NEWS Board.
Synopsis—The contribution and mail boxes having been opened, the woefully small amount of material is mailed together with the regular reports to the printer in Framingham.

ACT II.

Place—Same as Act I.
Time—The following Monday morning.
Dramatis Personae—Editors and the "dummy boy."
Synopsis—More material has come in by this time but not as much as might be expected since it is past the time designated for all contributions to be in. However the Editor is optimistic and is endeavoring to rephrase a "write-up" while her associates are counting words and eliminating unnecessary commas from the last-minute articles. Meanwhile the printer's boy—familiarly known as the "dummy" boy—has entered, not unnoticed, and emits long sighs as he realizes that he has missed another trolley. At last however this second installment of copy is ready and the boy departs.

ACT III.

Place—Same as Acts I and II.
Time—Tuesday, 10 A. M., ad infinitum.
Dramatis Personae—Various members of the Board and numerous Eleventh Hour contributors.
Synopsis—Confusion reigns. Two Board members wrapped round and round about by long galley sheets of proof attempt in spite of endless interruptions to make the necessary corrections. Two typewriters are noisily copying off two stacks of late contributions, all of which have to be typed before being sent to the printer. While the Editor is vainly endeavoring to have her dummy made up in the approved style, the telephone jangles intermittently and late notices for the "next issue" are graciously received. In the early afternoon the boy is sent in for the dummy but the interruptions have been so numerous that the weary Business Manager motions him to a seat and points to the Editor, who, mouth full of pins, is making ineffective dabs with her paste brush, as she tries to crowd 25 inches of material into 5 inches of space. Some time before dark the boy is off again with the completed dummy under his arm. The work of the editors is over for that issue but—

ACT IV.

Place—The Lakeview Press at Framingham.
Time—Wednesday.
Dramatis Personae—The Printer and his Staff.
Synopsis—The boy is late with the dummy and when he at last appears the great mass of late typewritten material must receive first attention. After the material is finally on the printing press it takes some time for the actual printing. The folding and addressing of the copies is next done, also by machine, and at last the finished product is put into the mail.

ACT V AND LAST.

Place—Any College Dormitory.
Time—Thursday.
Dramatis Personae—Subscribers.
Synopsis—Disappointment because the NEWS is late is manifest. The mail man has come and gone and the expectant ones turn away from their mail boxes with a sigh for the incompetence of the NEWS Board.

Curtain.

COLLEGE CALENDAR.

Thursday, January 10. 8 P. M. at Billings. Mr. J. C. Gilbert, Assistant in Market Surveys under the United States Department of Agriculture. Subject: *Marketing.*

Friday, January 11. 8 P. M. At Billings Hall. Second All College Lecture—Mr. A. J. Sack, Director of Russian Information Bureau. Subject: *The New Russia.*

Sunday, January 13. Houghton Memorial Chapel.
11 A. M. Dean Edmund S. Rousmaniere of St. Paul's Cathedral of Boston, Mass.
3 P. M. Billings Hall. Miss Flora Robinson speaks on *India* at an Open Student Volunteer Meeting.
7 P. M. Vespers. Special Music.

Monday, January 14. 8 P. M. At the Barn. Mr. Shelton of Dartmouth College will speak on *Efficiency*

Tuesday, January 15. 8 P. M. At the Barn. Mr. Shelton will repeat his lecture.

Wednesday, January 16. Christian Association Meeting. Discussion Meeting. Leader: Elizabeth Osgood.
Topic: *Concrete Method of Character Building.*
St. Andrews. Leader: Margaret Haddock.

MISS FLORA ROBINSON TO SPEAK.

On Sunday afternoon, January 13, at 3 o'clock, in Billings Hall, Miss Flora Robinson will lecture on *India* at an open Student Volunteer meeting.

Miss Robinson, who for the past few years has been teaching in Isabella Thoburn College in Lucknow, India, is a speaker of great magnetism and strength, and those who missed hearing her last year when she spoke in Wellesley, will welcome this opportunity. The meeting will be followed by a tea at Agora, given by the Methodist girls, in Miss Robinson's honor.

WELLESLEY WAR SERVICE COMMITTEE.

A work room under the direction of the Wellesley War Service Committee will be opened this week in the Warren Chambers, Room 312, 419 Boylston Street, Boston, where sewing will be done and wool and directions supplied for knitting. This room will be open daily from 10 A. M. to 4.30 P. M., except on Saturday when it will close at 1 o'clock. Volunteer workers from the alumnæ, student body and all friends will be welcomed at all times. Miss Grace Crocker, '04, and Mrs. Helen Goss Thomas, '12, appointed as a Committee on Funds and Work Room Supplies, will furnish all information from this address.

APPOINTMENT BUREAU.

No. 14.—The Intercollegiate Intelligence Bureau, Munsey Building, Washington, D. C., sends to the Appointment Bureau a call for four women draftsmen for the quartermaster corps with specifications as follows:

Age: Between 21 and 35 years of age.
Salary: $1400 per year.
Qualifications: Must have had experience in tracing drawings, and laying out neatly ordinary mechanical or architectural or other details.
Duties: The work required consists in designing forms, making warehouse layouts, making graphic charts of various kinds, etc. The work will be in Washington for the duration of the war, and the need is imperative.

Anyone interested is advised to address Mr. James L. Phillips, Secretary of the Intercollegiate Intelligence Bureau and is asked at the same time to let Miss Caswell know of her action, quoting the affixed number that credentials may be sent.

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PROF. CALKINS HONORED.

At a meeting of the American Philosophical Association held in Princeton during the holidays, Professor Mary Whiton Calkins of the Philosophy Department was elected president for the year 1918. In 1905 Miss Calkins was president of the American Psychological Association. She is the first and only woman to hold either office and shares with the late Professors James and Royce and only one or two other persons the honor of being president of both associations.

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